

LOVE POEMS  
THIRD SERIES  
REGINALD C. ROBBINS

PS 3535  
.015 L8  
1912  
Copy 1





Class 75-3835

Book 100-1812 L8

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>. 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









# LOVE POEMS

THIRD SERIES

REGINALD C. ROBBINS



CAMBRIDGE  
Printed at The Riverside Press  
1912

*Reginald Chauncey Robbins*

COPYRIGHT, 1910 AND 1912, BY REGINALD CHAUNCEY ROBBINS  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Reginald Chauncey Robbins*

CLA320997

## CONTENTS

	Page
BARBARICS . . . . .	1
I-XIV	
AN ENDING . . . . .	17
I-X	
MILLENNIALS . . . . .	29
I-XII	
HYMENEALS . . . . .	43
I-XLVIII	
PATERNALS . . . . .	93
I-XVII	
MEMORIALS . . . . .	113
I-XVII	
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS . . . . .	133
I-XIV	



BARBARICS



## BARBARICS

### I

BELOVÈD ! along this Land of Barbary  
Before all days of chronicle there dwelt,  
As the tale goes, a people crude, uncouth,  
And coy of trafficking, yet awe-compell'd  
Toward honorable dealing with a world  
Beyond their ignorance. And they — their goods  
Depositing beneath the open sky  
On favorable beaches by the salt,  
White surge ; retiring landward then aloof  
Through visit of the sun-born ships — would throng  
To grasp (their guests being gone) such barter strange  
As men's sophistication granted them.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

THEY nothing questioning, they grateful still,  
Though some mere flaunted rag remain'd alone  
In lieu of plumes and ivory and gold,  
Their fruits of what sore labor ! For they dream'd  
The great world as themselves in singleness—  
So judging rightly ; for the world still gave  
With fairness what their ignorance supposed  
Not valueless because world's price in full.  
And thus I, laying ivory and gold,  
The fruit of my best labor, on the shore,  
Retire before thy visiting and wait  
What dross thou wilt : knowing thy coin is pure.

## BARBARICS

### III

FROM any other these barbarians  
Had spurn'd the tinsel than that world at large  
Beyond their beach and surges. From the herd  
Of neighbor-ignorances had I scorn'd  
Aught than a full surrender, song for song,  
Spirit for spirit to eternity.  
From thee — I doubt me ! I had thought thee erst  
Some neighbor-wisdom. But I know myself  
Uncouth before thy subtlety, ashamed  
To meet thy stranger-hood and seek of it  
A more-or-less of truth whose test I know not ;  
To chaffer of thy chaff from over-seas.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

BELOVÈD ! for that which comes from thee to me,  
Although thou slight'st it with a trivial name  
Of more-or-less, were absolute exchange  
For all I offer thee ; to balance all.  
Therefore that awe for honor in exchange,  
For rectitude above all bargaining,  
Establishes religion in the place  
Of traffic, on the shore of merchandise  
A dread depository of the gods,  
A temple in the market. And the name  
Of that thou bring'st, thine immanence divine  
Of worldhood, lieth large on all this land.

## BARBARICS

### V

IN sooth, within myself I had not found  
A sense of worship nor divinity ;  
But in my mountains or my plains alike  
Had roam'd a nomad—in default of thee.  
But thou, indeed, fair opener of the East,  
Thou, as the rising of the spirit-sun  
O'er Africa, affordest to my soul  
A Providence, a permanence at heart  
Of domicile and inward dominance.  
In shape of brazen Moloch though thou camest  
Devouring in the furnace these mine offspring  
Of song and soul, yet as a God wert thou.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

AND though Astarte in His horrid train  
Had minister'd to passion and been served  
Of every bestial impulse erst unwaked  
But haply flaming now in opulence  
Of Tyrian purple and of pearl profane,  
Yet were religion in me, and thy presence  
A purification. That the worst of me  
Is wide of outlook and of mastering faith,  
Fit to push enterprise beyond the Pales  
Of Herakles and boundaries of the world  
Half-known. For I from ignorance am raised  
By thee to be some leader among men.

VII

BUT now the contest comes and I am slain ! —  
Mine overweening arrogance of wealth,  
For gratitude to thee, proclaim'd the world  
Thy province and demanded that thy fame  
Be honor'd and worshipp'd thereupon through all  
The coasts whereto my merchandise in trade  
Took voyage with the rumor of thy might.  
But o'er thy Moloch rose thy mightier name ;  
And I thy champion am from all Jove's seas  
Driven and bodily by thee destroy'd. —  
And in my desolation but look up  
To dream new dim imperial dream of thee.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

A DREAM, as ghostly of thine earlier light  
As dust-gray noon tide is but ghost of dawn :  
No fervor, nothing of the glory-hues  
On cloud nor bursting sea-wave in the path  
Of red-rich sun ; but only some small disk  
In paleness (simulacrum of that blaze  
Of morning) silver-whited as the dome  
Of distant tomb upon Saharan sands.  
For everywhere hath the siroccan blast  
Blown and the sands of soul are over me.  
And thou art empty of the spirit's worth.  
For thou art Roman, mute, immovable.

## BARBARICS

### IX

YET even this thy mood imperial  
(Impress'd upon my regions from without,  
As in old days thine earlier traffickings  
Impress'd their dominance), this very change  
To pride and rigor in thy Providence  
Exhibiteth unto my self-esteem  
Mine own self-alteration; yea, a soul  
Grown worldly-wise, sophisticated, sunk  
Beneath all innocence. For I not now  
Accept for proof of justice each decree,  
Nor fancy charity and singleness  
Beneath thy calm. I fear thy policy.

### II

## LOVE POEMS

### X

AND when thy policy makes mock and sport,  
Adopting for disguise of pagan pride  
And sated sophistry the badge of Christ,  
And calling thy love-stultifying code  
The soul-regeneration taught of Him ;  
When thou establishest upon my shores  
The presbyters schismatic, and the crime  
Of persecutions by the councillors,  
And everywhere rebellions in the name  
Of cant, and execrations customary,  
Anathema under thy gospel law :  
Then shrink I from all reverent thought of thee.

## BARBARICS

### XI

THOU hypocrite and tyrant unaware,  
In name of love, oppressive to despise  
Thy vassal State with surtax'd exilehood.  
Well were it for me that the Vandal horde  
O'erthrow thy hyperdominance and leave  
Me naked, destitute, cast forth to wolves,  
And craved of foul hyenas. For thy power  
Is broken ; destroy'd by those who with no thought  
Of aught than plunder pillage all away  
The paganhood, the Roman heathenness ;  
And bring thee, through destruction, finally  
To possibility of some rebirth.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

FOR thou, thou dost, one moment, offer me  
Suggestion of thy splendor Byzantine ;  
But find'st my spirit broken and my coasts  
Habitantless, I being all burn'd and slain.  
Though, since, hath some dark pirate-brood inflow'd  
And fill'd these spaces with a rioting  
Within what once was I ; and all my shores  
And neighbor-plains must learn their peace anew ;  
Who am some stranger in mine own domain ;  
Who see some other than my wonted self  
Concern'd in bloody feud and baseness there.  
For I myself am ended anciently.

## BARBARICS

### XIII

PERCHANCE thou art returning with thy ships  
And merchandise ; the modern world whole-known  
Anew impressive on this Barbary  
Of latter days ? But art thou that fresh spirit  
Of early ages to mine innocent dawn ?  
Or but some charnell'd effigy of hope ? —  
I know not. Thou and I alike are changed ;  
Alike have lived our African lost day ;  
And, in its dust and whirlwind suffocate,  
Experienced sink out of singleness —  
To know suspicion and a safe distrust.  
I love thee ; but would welcome not thy love.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

THIS Land of Barbary : it is not thine,  
Hath outlived love-religion ; shrinks within  
My desert fastnesses — though yielding thee  
The seaports and the cultivable plains :  
Itself uncultured as unconquerable. —  
Forbear ! Shall I, my goods depositing  
Upon salt beaches, at the last go crazed  
With sentience of the chaff thou leavest there,  
The flaunted rags for ivory and gold ?  
Forbear ! I send thee song fit for thy song,  
Spirit for spirit. But thine own, deny me !  
Withhold communion ! — Lest I learn thy soul !

## AN ENDING



## AN ENDING

### I

I HAVE loved thee, belovèd, so long and well,  
So wholly hath my life belong'd to thee  
And been thy daily breathings and thy thoughts  
(My body and my mind alike thyself),  
That there is somewhat not to be believed  
In this thou tellest me, some dread mistake,  
An error scarce ascribable to thee. —  
If thou hast done this death unto my heart,  
Hast plighted troth to any other troth  
Than mine, assurèdly a wrong is wrought  
Beyond imagination. For thy soul  
Hath taken from me my soul without consent.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

I DREAM not that thou plightedst e'er thy troth  
To me or gavest assurance to my love  
Of loving recompense. But thou didst hold  
Thy whole life open to my worship of it  
Beyond least let or hindrance evermore,  
Giving assurance that I still might love.  
Nay, worse ; thou knewest that I, loving thee thus,  
Rightly were self-assured. — When the first flash  
Of flame towärd that other took fire in thee,  
Thou shouldst have borne thy share of sacrifice  
A little, and stifled an unseemliness ;  
Not now demand me that I face thy fault.

## AN ENDING

### III

I AM pass'd-master in the art to evade  
Full fall of disappointment: being in want  
From my youth up of many a subterfuge,  
If I would go uncrazed from dawn to dawn.  
I had devised a Self wherein thy joy  
Might semblance bear as 't were my very own  
By much sophistication. I might learn  
To dwell, despite heart's lethal injury,  
In contemplation of thine happiness  
Entering into mine unhappy heart  
And still sustaining me about thy world.  
But now my limbs swoon vague upon the earth.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

I MIGHT achieve, beyond mere meriting  
Of me or thee, to labor in the strength  
Of ineradicable inward wrath  
To rectify a world where wrath can be  
In love's despite, where love can be despised  
And thou canst flourish for reward of wrong.  
The curse inexorable that I face  
Might serve to fuse at a blast a world anew,  
Cast our stone-absolute antagonism  
To basis of some cosmic tragedy.  
I might attain to hate, and move the world.  
But now I love thee and myself am moved.

## AN ENDING

### V

I SPEAK not for my pitiful poor self,  
Save as I love and so am deep and great  
And have love's mighty rights to be maintain'd.  
Thy trespass is upon the ground of soul,  
Turning mine heart to strange unrighteousness  
Which was so holy in the love of thee.  
By these effects shall thine offence be judged,  
Transgression measured by this fall of me :  
Whose Law is changed to a forbidden thing.

Yet wilt thou vow : ' My love for him hath claim  
' As his for me : beyond thy finite rights,  
' Mutual criterion of morality ! '

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

I BLAME thee that thou didst not stifle love  
At the first fume : who plead myself but love  
For judgment on thee ! I, who point thy fault,  
Brand thee but with the name of mine own sin !  
It boots not to adduce the proven truth  
My love was every hour so deep and strong  
'T would serve for both, me, thee, and world beside,  
Being within itself creative-whole !  
It boots not to make boast of prior claim  
By service long and honorably maintain'd  
Through all repulse. Such privilege enjoy'd  
But layeth on me mine obligation more.

## AN ENDING

### VII

AY, in that name of love which I did cite,  
Lifteth before my spirit the love of thee  
For him: demanding that the fact I hold  
Of wreck and ruin, proving fault in thee,  
Alter to some new strange nobility  
Of absolute sacrifice, of love's self-end  
In immolation, wiping out all stain  
Of sin in thee with my surcease of soul.  
The call hath come: My life, to purge from thine  
The stigma of mine immorality,  
Who, living, love thee loving otherwhere.—

Allow me to sink out of thee ashamed.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

THOU hast through every hour of all my love  
Been but too gracious to my desperate need :  
Forgiving all ; if nought thou yet couldst give.  
Do now this last grace that I ask of thee,  
Forgive thou (as thou every while forgavest)  
Even whilst thou hatest me.— For I forgive thee ;  
And needs were, thou forgav'st even that at last.

I fix my faith upon thy years to-come  
Of seraph-happiness, if so may be ;  
Bless in my breast thy bitter memory —  
Beyond that, nothing. I myself alone  
Depart : no world before me where to choose.

## AN ENDING

### IX

EARTH'S outcast. — For unto myself alone  
I now return and that which I find there :  
Ashes, dismay and desolation as  
Of some vast holocaust of shattering spheres.  
No world beside. For thou wast my world all.

Yea, from the depths of that dumb lovelessness  
Which preys upon the solitary years  
Thy spirit lifted me to tell of truth  
In universal tongue. The truth is told,  
To the dark dregs. The last of all thy songs  
Is sung, and endeth in a lost soul's wail :  
Thy flaming sword the last truth I may know !

## LOVE POEMS

### X

THE song dies slowly. And its end of breath  
Fain would be wasted in a mortal plea  
For mercy, succor, for thy saving soul  
Once more as formerly: when all its thought  
Should turn toward absolution. Yea, its breath  
Swoons slowly, for there is so much to say  
Of uttermost confession contritely.—

Depart in peace, thou, if thou waitest still.  
The rest is inarticulance and gasps.  
The last grim grisly struggle to leave life  
With decent dignity were scarce for thee  
To hear — for that, I have loved thee too well.

# MILLENNIALS



## MILLENNIALS

### I

THERE are who dream the world is growing old ;  
Too like, indeed, unto a spent machine ;  
They who themselves, like some spent mechanism,  
Do dumbly feel unto themselves alone  
A weariness and heart-ache of the world,  
As one by one into the years of wane  
Their hopes and their desires do waste away  
Till all is wan and nothing wonderful  
Of any that seem'd wonderful erstwhile,  
Nor aim of hope nor hope-desire within them  
More. And with these I lately was as one.  
But now am otherwise, who hope in Thee !

## LOVE POEMS

### II

ALAS ! it were not as a mechanism  
That world might weary and within herself  
(As they within themselves who hope not in thee)  
Grow old and tend toward the verge of death  
Forewarning, palpable. For what machine —  
Save by some pitiful figure of our speech —  
May weary and faint upon the spirit's end  
As did myself among those hearts self-spoil'd :  
Hearts fashion'd not with hands, but each himself  
Unto himself his own of origin,  
Each one ? What mechanism were the soul  
That seeth herself by her own fault foregone ?

## MILLENNIALS

### III

BELOVÈD, and hence the sorry tragedy  
Of isolation eating at the heart  
That dumbly suffers, forsooth, because in truth  
She were not, could not be, as some machine  
Whereof her weakness and decadence seem'd  
A simulacrum. World were no machine  
To spend itself uncognizant of death,  
Nor reach the weakening of pale decay  
Without an agony—as I with mine  
Made sorry struggling through the years, ere thou  
Camest like morning to the star-worn soul,  
Mature unto thy watcher of the night.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

THOU dayspring ! and thou youth of all the world  
Immortal by life-sacrificial grace  
Instant-eternal to the uplifted heart  
Of him who greets thee ; him no longer dumb  
But overbursting with thy harmony !  
Thee the melodic utterance of the world  
Greets in the soul of me to make thee see  
The marvels of thy making : who alone  
Hast proven desire alive and hope, like light,  
Our heritage ; thyself who, though of earth,  
Speak'st with the mouth of angels, ay, with voice  
Of heaven, prophetic in thine immanence.

## MILLENNIALS

### V

OUT of the mouth, I ween, of innocence  
Is strength ordain'd and wisdom to the wise  
Beyond their wisdom : as thy loveliness  
Leans out of heaven to herald the sweet day !  
The soul, although mature, is as the world  
Young yet forever ; and the tragedy  
Relegate now at last unto the past ;  
And hope hath meaning to futurity :  
A hope the sweeter, loftier, deeplier felt —  
In contrast of the foregone pessimism ;  
A conquest self-assured but that the night  
Hath been, which now is no more anywhere.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

THERE are, belovèd, who would assure me yet  
How night ensueth on the fairest day ;  
How, as the waning of the stars did spring  
To thee indeed, so yet a waning comes  
Even of thyself, that there be night anew  
Ten thousand times more sombre, tenebrous  
By poignant deprivation ; and an age  
More hideously deathward but that life  
And hope and high desire have been through thee !  
They little know the wisdom which transcends  
Their gross interpretance material :  
The spirit of love perpetual in thy face !

## MILLENNIALS

### VII

THE spirit-principle involved, by proof,  
In thee, in any system which could bring  
Thee to perfection and itself in thee !  
The doctrine of a worth intrinsical  
Unto itself and unto all things else  
In all thou lightest or that look on thee.  
Therefore am I, or world, not night at wane  
Nor daylit earth to wane at eve, but one  
Reciprocal inspiration as of love  
Which prospers either by the breath of each :  
So scarce may perish ! Such the spirit is  
Which taketh up the tale of truth with thee.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

OH, from the first thou walkedst, though alone,  
Serene in love and utter loveliness.  
And this thy heart-heaven-opening hath but been  
An evolution and a ripening  
Of prescience aye inherent. From the first  
Dost thou and thou alone explain the world.  
Even heart's sickening and the gross decay  
In dogmatism material can but be  
Self-comprehended by thy truth of love,  
Fore-implicate in yearning lightlessly  
Unto the dawn, that doth declare all things  
While lapping all in thy light-comforting.

## MILLENNIALS

### IX

AND if of thy millennium they may say  
The world 's unworthy, disregarding proof  
Of innermost inherence of thy soul  
Within us (that our very fault, at worst,  
Of mock-despair finds ground in need of thee  
Inherent to thy worldship !) — then must I  
Accept my worthlessness as proof of thee,  
Sure aspect of the system of thy soul  
Which, being all-sacrifice, salvationwise  
Requireth of her world a world to save :  
And therefore saves not as by miracle  
But as by nature of our worthlessness.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

THE wonder were, belovèd, had the world  
Been not unworthy, had there been a way  
By merit to achieve millennium !  
Now, dear, 't were nature, and not miracle.  
For this were nature : that the world should want  
Salvation, being encumber'd of the sin  
Of worldhood; and that thou shouldst 'spoil thy soul  
For infinite grace of granting world a soul  
In sheer self-immolation—as thou art  
Beyond me, yet by love my God-within !  
Had I been worthy to receive thy love,  
The wonder had precluded loving thee.

## MILLENNIALS

### XI

'T WERE wonder thus sufficient, that thou seest  
The marvels of thy making yet self-made —  
In nature of the self-response to thee  
Of that eternity of life-in-death,  
Which thine imperishable sacrifice,  
Of self in grace towärd my world of need  
And sin of worldhood, self-establishes,  
For heaven and wonder, through the ways and  
works  
Of love the self-creator. No 'machine'  
Devolves to senseless ruin senselessly,  
Nor any tragedy obtains: though earth  
Be growing old. For age is more-of-thee.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

EARTH'S age were thus the fraught experience  
Of soul's best possibilities, of heart's  
Enthusiasm, self-desirous aye

And disappointed never of the love  
And linkage of thy spirit; as our life  
Is mutual-responsive utterly.

There are who say the world is growing old —  
Too like, themselves, unto some spent machine  
In inappreciation. But I too  
Declare world old in self-experience  
Of youth, of cumulation, ay, of thee;  
Richer by every hour of heaven's day.

# HYMENEALS



## HYMENEALS

### I

THE daily sweetness of this life with thee  
And nightly wonder: these the sun and stars  
Duly attest. Their risings and their settings  
Are witness hourly to the light of thee  
As of thy love, thy love lighting the world.  
Thus as the sun and stars thy risings and  
Thy lyings down are life unto the world,  
Its motion and its impulse. In thy peace,  
Passing all understanding of the spheres,  
May earth or star or sun alike perform  
Its perfect function. And within thy peace  
I ponder of the life of sun and stars.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

FOR in the peace past understanding springs  
The wisdom of serenity, the sight  
Beyond mere sight of stars or suns or earths,  
Beyond sphere-wisdom, penetrating things  
With sweet suffusion of the spiritual.  
Not nature now, but in all natural truths  
Thy truth of nature, thy suffusion, Sweet,  
Irradiating and ethereal :  
Transforming to an intropemeance  
Unlike mere space-projection — I with thy truth  
Transfused, irradiated and transform'd  
To somewhat of thy spirit: that I see.

## HYMENEALS

### III

IT were not that the world without us twain  
Hath swept in stark vacuity away,  
And we left staring. Sun and stars are yet  
And earth to stand on under day and night :  
As ever was ; as ever shall be now.  
But, where all suns and stars were shaken with  
The whirlwind of my passion and would pass  
To chaos disestablish'd ; there thy love  
Hath reëstablish'd heaven within this earth  
In lasting function of a firmament.  
And space is order'd ; and its motions are  
Thy life and mine, self-lumined, self-distinct.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

WHEREFORE this rehabilitated scheme  
Of earth, this system of the sun and stars  
Made over new in image of thy soul,  
Invites the serious scrutiny of one  
Long used to meditation though without  
The light internal as vouchsafed me now.  
And to this serious scrutiny of things  
Thy light impels me, lest it fall to waste  
For any want of truths illuminable  
Within me to thy lamping. So I scan  
And search the meaning of this cosmic scheme  
Proved intropemeable of thy soul.

## HYMENEALS

### V

SO from the first (if any first there be  
Of unbegun, interminable time  
Or life unbounded in its inwardness),  
So from the first must there at least have been  
Some mutualism, some inter-response  
Of stuff to stuff, pre-constituting soul.  
Howbeit there seem'd but thou and I, apart  
And several one from one as any star  
From any star ; yet by the logic-sign  
Of me and thee, of being but each distinct  
Each stuff of starhood, stood intended aye  
Love's self-response, thought's interpenetrance.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

AND thus from hour to hour as we did grow  
More self-aware (as any star or earth  
Or creature each of earth did cumulate  
Experience of selfhood severally)  
Must every hour of novelty involve  
A reinterpretation of the old,  
A novel understanding ; must the past  
Of space-position's externality  
Prove no mere passing, but its dissipance  
Exhibiteth unto the new love-mood  
The old love-inkling. And the world hath grown  
Great step by step but by self-potency.

## HYMENEALS

### VII

'T IS true that love's awakening 's gone-by  
Even as the dayspring and the early life  
Of nebule nuclear, which only seem'd  
Sweet in itself maybe but promising  
No wonders of the noon's humanity —  
'T is true ; but in the passing it hath gain'd  
The love-interpretance, the human mood  
Which shows it to itself a seed of love  
And forecast of an high intelligence.  
Though we have lost, like earth, our severalty  
Of independence, yet the acknowledged loss  
Transforms the lost to value that hath been.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

VALUE that otherwise were 'neath esteem,  
Were nothing for remembrance : that our past  
Had never seem'd worth living, could not now  
Be basis of earth's high self-cherishing !  
That we are dear each unto each, that truths  
Of earth are self-felt, spiritual, springs  
Not solely in the moment's rapture, rests  
In estimation of the past now proved  
Worth love's appreciation. As we came  
From self-respect, as earth did never lack  
Of fact distinctive, can we truly yield  
A worthy union and a mutualism.

## HYMENEALS

### IX

AND spirituality is but the name  
New-given for the self-respect of old ;  
And man's humanity but nature-fruit  
Of nebulosity. 'T is true, that with  
Each operation of the interplay,  
Of self-transfusion and the act of thought,  
Still wanes out of our humanism, Love,  
The old self-mastery. The mystery  
Requires the sacrifice. We are not now,  
Nor earth, nor star, nor creature of them all,  
Quite thou nor I, quite star nor earth nor man. —  
But we are that which every truth would be.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

THOUGH scarce for final nor for final state  
Of love's development interminable  
Precluding possibility of pause !  
From love to love must love ever remove  
Its present-felt perfection ; as all earth,  
Though in each creature earthlily fulfill'd  
And inwardly triumphant, may not cease  
Its soul-recomplication, growtheth still  
To novel triumph ; even so our love,  
At every moment perfect, waxeth with  
The further time's perfection — inwardly  
The same fulfilment, ever to evolve.

## HYMENEALS

### XI

AND need we fear, or earth, a waning-time  
When ebbs the tide and every emptiness  
Lies bare and putrid to the taste of death  
Because of acme and accomplishment  
Which by some law of sad reaction must  
Become relinquishment and vanishing ?  
Because we wholly love (and earth is man),  
Must we expect that life's superlative  
Must cease, and drouth succeed humanity ?  
Perchance the fear had held, if only less-  
And-more of earthhood had preceded man,  
If merely thou or I had ever been.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

BUT, faith, 't is otherwise. Sith we have proven  
Humanity in any cosmic stuff,  
Love-triumph in the fact of thee and me  
Recognizant, distinct whilst several, thus  
May man assume, or love, that by each step  
Of cosmic alterance, despite the loss  
Of severalty and the power of each,  
Springs evidence of soulhood. And the loss  
Proves but a name for love-development  
By realization of the mutual self. —  
Wherefore no loss of any power of thee  
Or me, or earth, but is some proof of growth.

XIII

AND growth being, as we know, the perfect love,  
The absolute humanity, so nought  
Of waning would be otherwise than erst:  
One aspect merely and a name of soul —  
Her self-abhorrence of mere self-respect, ]  
Her self-conatus unto mutualism.  
Earth hath its growth, its humanhood, throughout  
Its incident impenetrable ; soul  
Her involution though the star turn ash.  
And in her self-fulfilment thrive all things,  
As every act were a more perfect love  
Unto the term of truth interminable.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

THEREFORE, with worship unforebodingly  
Of any world-degeneration, with  
An heart uplift unto divinity,  
I chronicle thy coming and thy care  
Of earth and me, thy cosmic providence.  
For, like the luminous enrapture of  
The elemental nebulæ, thy life  
Became as mine, or seem'd so to become,  
Whilst nuclear distinct. And thou hast been,  
Though not myself, this principle of peace  
Unto my yearning; that which earth or star  
Senseth within of godhood for its own.

XV

A PROPHECY had been how to my life  
Of chaos would a formulation come  
Natural, universal, personal  
As any god-suffusion ; that my truth  
Of man, by warrant of the woman-need  
In uttermost fulfilment, might achieve  
An high normality, completion by  
The complementation of thy womanhood.  
A prophecy had been, but unbelieved.  
Yet, ere I knew thy presence, to my heart  
Had come thy heart and had abided there  
Unknown, and grown the nature of my soul.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

'T IS thus with any cosmos, that its form  
Achieves itself transfusèdly, unlike  
An outward imposition ; till the gleam  
Of inwardness declareth inmostly  
The crystallization. Thy truth crystal-like  
(Primordial rudiment of organism  
Earth-immanent) proclaim'd thee to my truth  
The wisdom, clarifying my world all :  
Even as some sea and sky, made firmament. —  
And of thy speech my speech acknowledged  
straight :  
' The woman knoweth ; and is come to turn  
' Mine ignorance to knowledge of itself.'

## XVII

THE clear sea brimm'd beneath us with a beam  
Of depth auroran; and the conscious sky  
Received into its height the searching gaze  
Of thee and me, and recompensed it there  
With crystal meaning. And the chaos-flood,  
The pathlessness and poignance of the night  
Within me, burst in azure on thy brow  
And in thine eyes crystalline recompensed  
Years of misunderstanding; yea, being told,  
Was comprehended. And intelligence  
Brimm'd as the sea and sky betwixt us both  
About us, bathing both in blessedness.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVIII

AND (as the crystal morning of the world  
Before the passion of its plasma was)  
Seem'd self-declared though as without self-heat  
The mutual insight, truth demark'd from truth.  
Within me was the firmament, a sky  
O'er-arch'd in clarity above a base  
Illimitably broad, blue-luminous  
And liquid with the new-won immanence  
Transfusing every deep limpidity.  
And if thou wast the light of the sun that wrought  
This crystal marvel to mine ignorance,  
I knew 't was thou, wast firmament as well.

## HYMENEALS

### XIX

AND also within thee, so thou hast said,  
Though sun and firmament thou wast in me,  
Seem'd similar awakening, a sense  
Of clarification and of truth by me —  
I within thee some sun, some sea and sky  
Of fair fluidity, establishment  
Like unto morning, keen without self-heat  
Yet formal crystalwise ; the sky from sea,  
Yea, both from light that wrought the truth of both  
Distinct, yet perfectly transfused with sight  
Of that I brought thee — the discerning soul.  
Thus thou and I declared soul to herself.

## LOVE POEMS

### XX

AND thus for days or hours (the ages of  
Earth ere earth bore the plasma of self-heat),  
For days or hours, I wot not which, there dream'd  
This mighty morning of a mutual love.  
Love ever from the first, love ere we knew  
Love's imputation, love by self-respect  
Of either truth alone, now each distinct  
By mutual relation. Sea and sky  
(Discover'd of sun's fiat) wax'd to warmth,  
Warmth gradual, suffusive ; and within  
The warmth evolved the germ ; inly to both,  
The phyton-organism vegetant.

## HYMENEALS

### XXI

FOR as some fervid forest 'neath the rays  
Of old primeval suns, or torridwise  
The associant unction of the cellule born  
Of plasma pulsant and self-functional,  
Did thou and I, evolving each in each  
A fervor, spring associative twain  
Upwards beneath the tropic sky, like growth  
Of greenery self-contain'd in ardor, yet  
Conative cell to cell agglomerant.  
Loneliness, undiscover'd of that truth  
Call'd firmament, betwixt the firmaments  
Drew each to each in organism there.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXII

THUS had the world achieved its forest-truth,  
Its self-intelligence of crystal form  
Absorb'd, diffused and brought to functioning  
Associant, conative. Thou, both, and I,  
Sprung upwards to the light, each within self  
Found satisfaction by the counter-self  
Associant. And warmth within us both  
Began pulsation. And the forest-forms  
Of swarth palm-tracery and umbrage dim  
Inwoven of wonder-flowers all around  
Seem'd image of our intercourse, our speech  
More intimate-inwoven hour by hour.

## HYMENEALS

### XXIII

AS sea and sky unto the forest-pulse  
Remain for crystalline formality  
Without them, while within the dim sap-cell  
Worketh a wisdom operant beyond  
Their vision'd clarity, so on thy word  
And in thy fair and sweet intelligence  
My spirit lived, feeling the fair and sweet  
For wise assurance ; whilst none less the world  
Gleam'd limpid, instant to intelligence  
Erst dubious : intelligence even now  
(Save for the sense of wise assurance gain'd)  
Prey but to loneliness' self-diffidence.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXIV

BUT with the sense of need grew pace by pace  
The sure association ; with the cell's  
Instinctive inference of firmament  
And want of sun and suction to its life  
Wax'd means of satisfaction through the growth  
Of fair agglomeration outwardly.  
Earth did achieve, unto the ends of love  
Ever within it as informing germ,  
Not merely first the clear formality  
Of morning sea and sky, but, at the need,  
The noon of fervor and the generous green  
Of truth assuaged in truth-society.

## HYMENEALS

### XXV

THUS thou and I together grew among  
Those fervid isles. And our companionship  
Became a greenery, beneath the sun,  
Of vegetant dependence. And the fronds  
Of many a filmy interwoven arch  
Combined our spirits ; and the beauty-blooms  
Of mutual confidence burst sheath about us  
And in our souls made pleasant paradise ;  
As earth before the advent of the curse  
Of passionate animation.— Not that earth,  
Nor confidence nor truth of firmament  
Were passionless ! For all are names of love.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXVI

BUT, that in growth of earth or human soul  
Cometh a season of perfervidness ;  
The hours just past the noon ; the plasmic pulse,  
Permitted self-perpetuance animate  
By perfect function of amalgamance ;  
An adolescence of the cosmic frame  
(Before the peace of eve-maturity  
And spirit-sight past understanding) ; cometh  
That mighty need perfectly to possess  
And wreak the purpose of a progeny —  
Else fail in dissolution, self-despair  
And loneliness past cosmic sufferance.

## HYMENEALS

### XXVII

EARTH'S hour had come ; the unction animate  
Of plasm had burst the vegetative bound  
(Not passionless, because some name of love ;  
Yet casual chiefly and agglomerant).  
The rich perfervor of the cosmic hour  
Of adolescence was upon our souls,  
Self-forced unto desire to be possess'd  
And wreak thereby to perpetuity  
A self-possession. At an instant's touch  
Fired the plasmic pulse associant  
To passion-animation. And the earth,  
Or soul, stood peopled to astonishment.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXVIII

WE loved, as in our meaning we had come  
To self-confession, mutual consciousness  
Of polarism organic ; thou and I  
Essential each to each ; the cosmic form  
Of firmament, the vegetative pact  
Of plasma-function, germ-companionship,  
Resolved to union and amalgamance  
Whilst none less self-distinctive. And the poles  
Of thee and me, by heat precipitate,  
Confronted each the other as with force  
Of confluence essential, needing each  
Heart's uttermost surrender — would we live.

## HYMENEALS

### XXIX

THEREFORE the world took on the passion-face  
Of human yearning. The civility  
Of forest-interarch took on the stress  
Of civilization ; that betwixt us two  
Stood humanist convention separating  
From satisfaction soul's new-conscienced need.  
Creation groan'd that through earth's animate  
Love-leading came the sad-won sense of sin  
Potential ; came necessity to pause  
Before the soul-regeneration, wait  
The course of world-adjustment ere the spirit  
Unite to heaven on earth and chasten'd peace.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXX

THE haunts of men were all about us now,  
Earth's civilization, ay, and humanism.  
And in our hearts an higher humanism  
Repress'd, half-hearten'd by the ways of a world —  
Ways recognized, deeper than ere these hours,  
For righteous in conventionality.  
Convention, man's protectorate of man,  
Lay heavily upon us, that within  
Were stern suppressions, self-pretence at strength  
Half-independent. Yet the period  
Of earth's adjustment and heart's biding-time  
But served soul-recapitulation well.

## HYMENEALS

### XXXI

FOR, sooth, the soul, once sprung to see herself  
In earth's environment, must find within  
The microcosm. And thy soul and mine  
By reason of the self-repression still  
From perfect union and possession, grew  
Familiar of the lesser ways of life  
Within world's mutual circuit, did examine  
By conscience of new-won enthusiasm  
All erst-won informations — from the first  
Of nebule nuclear the gamut run  
Of evolution through the life of each :  
Erst several, now mutually whole.

## XXXII

AND thus anew we builded up our souls  
From their foundations, finding each in each  
And through experience by strength of love  
New valuations ; that, like earth by light  
Of love-evaluation, proved all years  
Of past soul-singleness some seed of love  
And proof of mutuality. How sweet  
The disregarded days of childhood ; ah !  
The lonelier *Wanderjahre* rich with store  
Of strange romanticism as earth's days  
Revived of protocryptic flowerets fossil'd  
And uncouth quaint palæosaurii !

## HYMENEALS

### XXXIII

HOW sweet their obsolescence in the wonder  
Of mutual modernity and faith  
In future beauty of amalgamance !  
How fair the reminiscence ! For our souls  
Day by day more conform'd within themselves  
Each to the absolute informing force  
Of either, proven self's alter-inference  
And objectivity of spirit-world.  
The world within unto the world without  
Made symphony ; and the remember'd past  
Sustain'd the expected harmonies, resolved  
Through sane suspension. That our faith would sing !

## LOVE POEMS

### XXXIV

SO, when the days of earth's convention came  
To termination and the moment was  
Of world-regeneration, stood our souls  
Mature, replete within with every type  
Of all creation's yearning ; microcosm  
With microcosm grew amalgamate  
And enter'd on the pure possessive strength  
Of uttermost surrender — each a world  
By inmost involution ; valuing  
And self-evalued ; ready for the test  
Of definite eternity through all  
Time-alterations of the common weal.

## HYMENEALS

### XXXV

FOR hitherto had each event at best  
Seem'd temporal merely, truth succeeding truth  
Displaced, despite the informing love therethrough ;  
And moment unto moment, of itself,  
Succeeded presently with scarce regard  
For universal bearing. But ; with sense  
Of perfect perpetuity by force  
Of mutual possession, passionate  
Inference toward objective progeny  
In every act possessive ; came at last  
Earth's sense of wholeness, world's self-inference,  
Realized of the instant by the marriage-bond.

## LOVE POEMS

### XXXVI

FOR therein by the marriage of true souls  
Absolves the sin-stain of possessiveness ;  
And self-appropriation but provides  
The perfect freedom ; for within our world  
We stood, two worlds at one ; self-reconciled  
Unto all counter-objectivity  
Within love's all-subjective. And I took  
Thee to myself and, making thee my wife,  
But gave thee all of me. And we as one,  
Though outwardly distinct, pass'd out of earth  
(That earth of thee and me and merely man)  
Into the life of earth's millennium.

## HYMENEALS

### XXXVII

AND therefore with an heart uplift and spirit  
Inspective, apperceiving of the ways  
Of star or sun, of firmament, or plasm,  
Yea, and of animate passioning and sin,  
I chronicle the ways of God-in-man,  
The eternal involution presently  
Within our daily greetings ; knowing well,  
Thy risings and thy lyings down for truths  
Of universal perpetuity  
By moralism, love-exonerating  
The passion and perfervor, plasmic pulse  
Or firmamental ardor of the spheres —

## LOVE POEMS

### XXXVIII

ALL yearning upward, all attaining thee,  
And in thee self-attain'd beyond relapse  
Or fear of isolation. For all things  
In thee and in thy soul-morality  
Rise beyond need of propagation, feel  
The eternity beyond mere progeny,  
Achievable in world-acknowledgment  
By love-inception. That our whole world sings  
The human way of won divinity,  
Projects self objectwise upon the face  
Of the chaos-indeterminate, to prove  
Determinism self-controll'd of Art.

## HYMENEALS

### XXXIX

FOR lo ! we have seen earth's indeterminism  
Of chaos self-confronted to the form  
Of firmament, and have through firmament  
Risen to civilization and respect  
For personality, intelligence  
Determining the truth-humanity  
In indication of the life of love.  
And love we have seen declared in love's first  
phase  
Of clarification, else of passioning  
And ripe possession — personality  
Absolved in personalism mutual ;  
And progeny — for some eternity.

## LOVE POEMS

### XL

BUT in the chronicle whose text is love  
Springs the achievement myriadwise beyond  
That first possessive proof of moralism.  
In the love-moralistic life of thee  
And me in proved possessive self-response  
Thrive multiple possibilities of act,  
Act spiritually superior  
In the mutual-self's expression of regard  
For universal soulhood. If such act  
Of personal propagation first declared  
Truth's world-divinity, yet in that wisdom  
Aspires indeed, though scarce attains, the God !

## HYMENEALS

### XLI

AND so — love lending the criterion  
By force of recognition in the soul,  
Through fruit of action, of the objective worth  
Unaltering, everlasting to the fact  
Of mutuality and influence  
(Of self-felt alterance beyond the self) —  
Begins the spirit-life, evaluation  
To every act by comprehension through  
Insight of purposed import. And each act  
Stands judged, self-judged, in virtue of degree  
Attain'd of self-responsibility,  
Through works, for purposed import world-express'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### XLII

THE need were for the alter-inference  
Of the self-recomplication — not the body  
Begun anew by blend as of two strains  
Themselves supposed establish'd and thereby  
Render'd susceptible of iterance ;  
But rather the spirit, through self-sympathy  
For every purposed import, comprehending  
The world's love-mood and furthering therethrough  
The interplay and process of all souls :  
Through rendering intelligible aid  
Unto the understanding presently  
Of thee and me and of the earth of each.

## HYMENEALS

XLIII

FOR thereby is responsibility  
Acknowledged, not for mere perpetuance,  
But thus best for the alteration ever  
Evolved through each recomplication of  
The inherent interplay. And thus is earth  
Through thee and me, as we through each and  
earth,  
Further'd in evolution, process, by  
Love-mutuality ; the term of self  
(Truth's sole self-cognizant criterion)  
Extended by the comprehension through  
All possible imports and all processes  
Sprung of the primely mutual moralism.

## LOVE POEMS

### XLIV

AND thus (for, of all purports, that we call  
Song affords most of comprehensive strength  
By recognized responsibility  
For alteration of the face of things  
Effectual in a self-projection through  
New form discover'd !) — thus our mutual life  
Resolves itself to loftiest unrest  
(And peace thereby most perfect) in the voicing,  
By words, of wingèd serious intent  
Utter'd to ease the spirit of its strength  
Of universalism, its sense through thee  
Of insight into lives of sun and stars.

## HYMENEALS

### XLV

SUCH were the life of sun and stars, then, Sweet !  
A life like ours which we have sweetly lived  
And live forever by the law of growth  
Through mutuality unendingly !  
Such were the life of sun and stars ; the singing  
Of order'd purport, of self-inference  
By insight inwardly essential to  
The being of either ; as of me or thee.  
Life of the universe stands proven in thee  
And in our intercourse ; thy lyings down  
Or risings all alike inform'd of song  
Splendid with import of earth's infinite.

## LOVE POEMS

### XLVI

FIRMAMENTS spring within thee ; and in thee  
The function-vegetant ; the social pulse  
Of plasmic fervor ; and the passioning  
Transcended ; yea, the animate primal sin.  
And civilization springs regenerate,  
The human-won conventionality  
Turn'd universal in its inference  
Of comprehended other-purposes  
Interminably to the term of growth.  
These things in thee I sing, as thou art love.  
And in the singing cometh all our peace  
To procreation past the ways of earth.

## HYMENEALS

### XLVII

TO procreation spiritually  
Perfected ; self-projection, through the truth  
Of mutuality, upon the ways  
Of earth or star or sun ; proclaiming thee !  
Song have I made in darkness heretofore  
For want of thee and thine illumining,  
Song verily — for all its partial sight,  
Its loneliness and emptiness of heart —  
Song of the spirit but because it sang  
The love-need and the prophecy of thee !  
So, love, shall song be song though the soul faint  
And fall to future ash with sun and star !

## LOVE POEMS

### XLVIII

THE life of song abides, betwixt us both  
An infinite expression. And all things  
Unendingly contribute to the song  
Its intimate purport, as their moralism  
Responds unto intelligence of truth.  
Within our symphony each hour is art,  
Love's self-projection seen by understanding  
And utter'd in the converse of our souls  
Interpreting the years of thee and me  
By cosmic imagery.— The song begins ;  
And ends not though the final word be sung.  
Here, love, the word reacheth finality.

# PATERNALS



## PATERNALS

### I

BELOVÈD ! because thou bearest 'neath thy breast  
The life unborn that unto future time  
Shall mean my life and thine and be for us  
A subsequence and symbol wearing, sooth,  
A frame as ours commingled ; and that thou holdest  
The mystic-felt perpetuation of  
My spirit in thine ; whilst very time stands still  
Brooding the perpetuity : behoves it  
That blessing of a song from out my breast  
Befall thy spirit, I brooding there with thee  
(After annunciation, ere the birth)  
For love : my song big with the burden of thee.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

BIG with thy labor as we look for it,  
Awaiting calmly, quietly the hour  
Of the new life's release ! For thus will song  
And birth-beginning to thy motherhood  
(As erstwhile my paternity, with thee)  
Be brought together in a beauty blent  
Of utmost opposition, polarwise  
Reconciled sans confusion ; as thy child  
Blends in a beauty-bourn of innocence  
My plangent passion, thy serenity,  
So may this song upon the coming birth  
Perform the miracle of benison !

## PATERNALS

### III

FOR neither song alone unto our life  
Were bless'd, nor procreation. For of song,  
Though therein best the spirit moveth ever,  
Breathes and hath being, yet is all the world  
Therein ('soe'er the insight earn'd of moods  
And purposes of all things, ne'ertheless)  
Purely ideal : whilst our very frame  
Hath want environmental, craves response  
Reäl, self-independent lest we rave.  
Though of a procreation nothing seems  
Spiritual sheerly ; and the lust hath need  
Of love-expression lest it sink ashamed.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

'FAITH, of that fire which heart still finds so fair  
Must love, the mutualizing of two minds  
Alembicwise through life-community,  
Be the main purpose purifying aye  
The privy fervor of the raptured flesh.  
For in the procreation lurks at best  
A fault, false-duplication of the one,  
Some simulation of the self unique,  
Soul-supererogation, making world  
Image, not definition of the mind,  
A reäl sheerly. But within our love  
Springs comprehension and the stuff of song.

## PATERNALS

### V

SPRINGS comprehension of the twain-in-self,  
And warrant of commingling ; whence a song,  
Self's very twain-expression (being of both  
World and the soul, breath yet and spiritual),  
Coming from me to thee and in thee merging  
My love for thee, sings warrant in itself  
Of the heart-purity, companionship  
Which gives it being. Wherefore, as that first  
Paternity beyond mere lovelessness,  
Behold this second fatherhood, this proof  
Of love beyond lust. That the birth may be  
Bless'd, and the spirit of both be on the babe.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

AND thus unto thy patient motherhood,  
Calmly expectant, may this solemn hymn  
Seem something of lustration, a birth-gift  
Of that which nothing in me yet hath given  
To the new life, a spiritual peace  
Of serious insight, sense of beauty through  
The ways of men and earth. May that turmoil,  
Which heritance of the passion-fervor'd flesh  
In fatherhood hath foster'd, yield within  
The fresh-made innocence to influence  
Of song in thee ; and so my fatherhood  
Be spared of shame : seeing the babe as thee !

## PATERNALS

### VII

FOR it would seem as though the life of song  
Were alway thine ; and only within me  
Could rage the pitiful fever of the world,  
And only from my loins might still descend  
To generations in futurity  
The tempest and the heart-ache and the pain  
Of deep desire and doubt to torture it.  
For solely through the art and part of song,  
The stimulus of beauty felt within  
All precincts of the earth and human souls,  
Solely by song had seem'd a sense of peace  
In me. But thou seemest of peace compact.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

THYSELF the guerdon and the best birth-gift  
Which heart could wish to any child of man !  
Thyself creator, if the world be made  
In any guise thine image, of a breed  
Of beauty spiritual, nobility  
No lower than of angels. For the man  
Who springs of thee springs of a womanhood  
Which knoweth to assuage the driven soul  
With draught of heart's elixir ; and to build  
On ruins of o'erwrought desire the dome  
Of daily satisfaction. That thou seemest  
Thyself song ; and thy spirit the hope I sing.

## PATERNALS

### IX

THEREFORE with song as it is soul of thee  
My soul draws nigh the cradle of the babe  
Purified and exalted ; by thy peace  
Myself peace-fill'd, and capable by thee  
Of ministration now sans sacrilege.  
How needs the birth lustration ? 'T is thy spirit  
Speaks in the benison ; and mine, by thee  
Regenerate, which blesseth ! Whence the babe  
Draws of the motherhood an unmix'd peace :  
Both by the brooding of the time in thee  
Till thy fulfilment, and by proof, within  
Our love, of fatherhood by thee redeem'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

And so, without sense of the pain foregone  
Nor of the frenzy of the passioning  
Precedent, nor of any old dismay,  
Nor fear of love's futurity, we brood,  
Both, as one spirit conjoin'd upon the birth ;  
In soul as song auspicious and serene —  
For all the sense of life-perpetualized,  
Of pain and passion brought unto rebirth  
By parentage' responsibility.  
Responsible to futurity indeed  
Are we, creators of a race to-come ;  
But undismay'd who know the seed of peace.

XI

FOR peace, heart's best wish to posterity  
Was sown within thee with the father-seed  
As hath been herein sung ; that every toil  
Of the new fretful generations shall  
As our toil seal within the spirit of each  
A solace best preserved, not as through sloth  
In soft composure of all circumstance  
To soothe, but as through ever taking on  
Fresh trials and temptations of the world  
For resolution in the truth of love.  
For only comprehension yieldeth peace  
Vital ; and insight is the lamp of love.

## LOVE POEMS

### XII

THUS, whatsoever may be born in love,  
Of love that broods upon the pregnant time,  
And by love fitly nurtured, shall be fit  
To feel in every fervor of the world,  
In wide unrest and infinite desire,  
The true infinity of spirit-sense  
Appropriating unto self secure  
Experience through all environment,  
And rendering thereunto fair return  
Of furtherance and favor. Such a soul,  
Feeling the fever of the world resolved  
In mutual comprehension, is at peace.

## PATERNALS

### XIII

AND thus we (to the love that bore us both  
And both begot, each in a time and place  
Appropriate, belonging) unto them  
Who loved and made us should in thought be turn'd  
All-reverential, piously profound  
With gratitude for outlook undismay'd  
Which sow'd in us the ripening seed of love  
And with it peace. That now the seraph-flame  
We pass adown the generations, still  
Perpetuating by our reverence  
The nature of our nurturers. For they  
Bore thee to peace; and me in thy good time.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

YET to the nature of our nurturers  
Offering no irony, no simulation  
False by the procreation, but a spirit  
Of onwardness and outlook vivifying  
The vision characteristic and unique  
Of earlier parentage. For, though the song  
Sings peace, with what song welcomed they the  
birth  
As it befell — save silently for love ?  
And with what worship haply beyond sound,  
Yet nowise songless, may the babe to-be  
Devise a novel beauty ? — That the way  
Of wonder waxeth, though one world endu're

## PATERNALS

### XV

WHEREFORE our absolute serenity,  
Sensing before and after, hath a place  
Sequent, forereaching ; and the peace we feel,  
Foundation even as purpose.— Love, allow  
The proved perfection, the finality  
Of peace to peace in every peace-fill'd place  
By provident conclusion ; and foretell  
The plenitude of blessing in the babe  
Reactionary on the benison  
Of our love, as unto the love of them  
Who bore us and begot us did our being  
Provide new plenitude where love was full.

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

NO need inhereth to our loyal love  
Of any infancy to supplement  
What of itself hath spirit articulate.  
No want of intermediary between  
Two souls self-mutual may in any sort  
Warrant the procreation. But where love  
Is most complete there ever beyond love  
Love enters and fulfils. So thou and I  
Shall be but more completely in our love  
One, by the mediation of the babe  
In person of both natures; thine and mine  
Of the one essence openly proclaim'd.

## PATERNALS

### XVII

FOR such they were from first. And such thy song  
Hath long proclaim'd them, speaking ever in me ;  
Even as the quickening beneath thy breast  
Is mine, or brooding of the pregnant time  
To thy fulfilment is my spirit in thee :  
Two miracles, two benisons alike  
Betwixt our beings' mutuality —  
My soul and thine, so strange dissimilar  
Of fever and of peace, in peace made one :  
Both in the babe and, by thee purified,  
In this birth-benison of poesy  
Offer'd in hope unto thy motherhood.



## MEMORIALS



## MEMORIALS

### I

NOT unto us fulfilment of our hope ;  
Not unto us ! But thou and I alone  
Face the fair springtide of the outward world  
With desolation and bereavement as  
An inward winter. Where beneath thy breast  
Lay expectation and the seed of the prime  
Quicken'd and quickening with a prophecy,  
Remaineth only bitterness. The babe,  
Perfected though in thee, in life endured  
But one hour's span ; and now beyond all hope  
Lieth elsewhere. Therefore now a memory  
Alone abideth where our babe had been.

## LOVE POEMS

### II

NOR unto us false comfort ! For no math  
Of after-death might resurrect, restore  
A progeny reborn, to welcome us  
In worlds beyond the grave. Not unto us  
Evasion of the heaviness of loss  
As loss is final ! — Yet, if death—despite  
Demand regeneration, then within  
The spirit be despair redignified :  
As we are mortal and can cure death's sting,  
As we are earthly and can rob the grave  
Of victory (in winter's warranty  
Achieving spring !) by proud acknowledgment ! —

## MEMORIALS

### III

TRUE is it of our babe that he endured  
But one hour's span : whereunto every hope  
Of world-hours numberless shrank minimized  
In vanishment mysterious ; every fear,  
Haply of disappointment like our own,  
Forever ended. For, in term of him,  
The laws and prophecies stand all fulfill'd  
To the uttermost ; and nought is any more  
Of any universe or soul of his,  
Save within memory. And memory  
Is grief. And grief is now of thee and me  
Alike : though mainly of thy motherhood.

## LOVE POEMS

### IV

FOR, feel as may the father, he hath borne  
No burden hourly waxing more and more  
Beneath the breast in quickening. He hath suffer'd  
No torture of the agony of birth —  
Save if by sympathy. And sympathy  
Itself is sweet, assuaging in the soul  
Some sense of sorrow. Wherefore to thy sorrow  
And pain of thine be our acknowledgment  
In praise of thy humanity, in strength  
Of that inherent beauty of our being  
Which, in ensample of thy character,  
Yieldeth a song and makes the springtime proud.

## MEMORIALS

### V

THY first great suffering, thy first great grief ;  
Borne, both, as though the nature of thy soul  
Were forthright heroism, nobility  
Essential, mounting by the body's pain  
To manifestation as of destiny !  
Thy spirit unweaken'd of the exhausted frame,  
Learning the birth's fatality, at once  
Through the strong shock upsprung to power beyond  
Mere way of womanhood ; thy mother-love —  
Frustate, prevented — yet enduringly  
Awaken'd, pour'd (as to the waiting world  
This springtime) on my desolated heart.

## LOVE POEMS

### VI

SO, for the first fruits of the victory  
This soul-deep sympathy ; pain, now in turn,  
Made intimate, inwoven ; that our hearts  
Even beyond first marriage of our hope  
And joy, become by sorrow mutualized,  
One woof of recognition — in thy grief  
And conquest, mine (the lesser, weaker grief)  
Strengthen'd and purged and purified ; whilst thine  
Blooms to an over-brooding providence  
Of firmament-creation, resurrection  
Evolved from out the grave of birth-and-death,  
A spring-world and re-marriage of the soul.

## MEMORIALS

### VII

Of old, indeed, hath there been to our souls  
True marriage, everything of hope and joy,  
Love and the life of love-companionship  
Our mutual heritage ; but grief and pain  
(Save if in pettier purports of an hour)  
Have been far from us. Yet a brief hour's span  
Hath given us grief unto the end of time  
For love's amelioration, for increase  
(By depths new-found of spirit-fundament)  
Of spirit-intercourse, community  
Of love with love within the married soul.  
That thou and I by loss have won new worlds.

## LOVE POEMS

### VIII

SO, to the springtime turn we, inwardly  
Feeling the barrenness of winter born  
To warranty of world-fecundity.  
Ever as in the heavens the loftier sun  
Waxes with heat and light, and under him  
The birds and blossoms and the gossamer greens  
Flourish, and all is foison ; so within  
Our warmth of sympathy the season sings  
Assurance of our winter and therethrough  
Upsprings to heroism, nobility  
Born of our understanding, recognition  
And proud acknowledgment of mutual pain.

## MEMORIALS

### IX

AND, if our life be aye experience,  
Day by day universal more, more fill'd  
Of complication and of cumulance  
Which hath but value as we warrant it  
By growth in the spirit comprehending each  
Entail — so systematic, so enwoof'd  
With inference and meaning of the whole ;  
If life be soul's-world at unending growth,  
Then be this insight of the deeps of soul,  
By sorrow won, but in our onwardness  
A welcome proof of world-vitality,  
A faith and a fulfilment as we live.

## LOVE POEMS

### X

AN opportunity to prove of soul  
Its fair creatorship, its furtherance  
Of beauty in reason of bereavement (as  
Winter createth spring) involving yet  
Subtlier and deeplier the throb of song,  
The pulse of art wherewith we tune the world  
Best to our image! And the sun of love,  
Ever advancing up the firmament,  
Quickens the spirit of earth till birds and trees  
Are redolent; within our soul of grief  
A wellspring of creation, thou and I  
Onmoving as with cosmic melodies.

## MEMORIALS

### XI

BEFORE us, then, fresh faith ; beneath thy breast  
Not bitterness, but resolution, born  
Of power to snatch of death the victory  
And face with fearlessness a world beyond  
All sting of the grave. Our sorrow's heaviness  
But finds more firmly everything of life  
Which furnish'd love ; and in the seeds of love  
Lie furtherance and foison, plenitude  
Of dignity and splendor of increase  
Unto the mutual spirit. That thy face  
Lifts, from the sun-warm'd earth that holds thy babe,  
Unto the sun that holds both babe and thee.

## XII

UNTO the sun which thou and I can feel  
Above us as within us, all about  
In splendor empyrean. For we stand  
In meaning of bereavement (as, long since,  
One touch of hand to hand reveal'd our love !)  
Reveal'd each unto each. And grief-to-grief  
Proves spirit-procreation, each in each  
An hope, not now solely of sweet and fair,  
But of despair, sweetest and fairest yet  
Of all love's unionings, an universe  
Illumined, yea, and quicken'd through and through  
Beneath thy breast and mine in parenthood.

## MEMORIALS

### XIII

THE parenthood remaineth. Bring we forth  
Through the long springtide of a years three-score,  
May be, such sweet memorial of our babe  
As dignifieth grief in utterance,  
As wins a world by comprehension ! Sweet,  
Turn to the undertaking of a life,  
Fulfilment of a future. Let the hope  
Of motherhood, frustrate, prevented now,  
Yield fruit of song that, garnering up our griefs,  
Soweth them new broadcast upon the earth  
Through waiting winters, that a fivefold spring  
Revive of beauty in the burden of them.

## LOVE POEMS

### XIV

FOR all were beauty, sweet, that of thy soul  
Is ever born ; for everything of thee  
Resembleth thee in truth heroical  
And humanism essential. And the world  
Hath so a tale of splendor, character  
Establish'd at the acme, and a song  
Made ready to its heart beyond all song !  
Let me be but thy poet (as the spring  
Floodeth with melody this winter's-world)  
Enunciating soul's experience  
Of thee with understanding at the heart  
Of grief within thee and the grace of grief.

## MEMORIALS

### XV

GRIEF have I sung erstwhile ; yet never grief  
With thee to listen as thou listenest ;  
Never ere now a grief far more than shared,  
Ennobled and enraptured by a love  
Surpassing intimation. Though I sing  
Supported now by hourly intercourse  
And promptings of thy presence, yet the song —  
So dubious of the dream that grief's mere grief,  
So wondering at sympathy too sweet ! —  
Perchance may prove, not as my former song,  
Too little sorrowful, too joy'd of thee :  
That loss-acknowledgment itself seem lost ?

## LOVE POEMS

### XVI

AND then were springtime meaningless, our loss  
No winter quickening the spirit-world  
To splendors firmamental, nor no life  
Of after-death achieved here upon earth,  
Nor resurrection out of memory  
To welcome us of progeny reborn—  
As promised of the proud acknowledgment !  
Dear heart, forgive ! I have not yet forgot  
The patient motherhood, the burden borne  
Nor pangs of the birth. But, loving thee so much,  
I, hand-in-hand with thee, can but look forth  
To see the spring ; and sing of that I see.

## MEMORIALS

### XVII

NOR is the babe forgotten. Sun-warm'd earth,  
Somewhere that we may kneel and stoop to it,  
Holds him who was hope's heritage ; and birds  
Sing over him, and greenery about  
Breathes of the light. But thou and I must turn  
Back to ourselves that we may learn of loss  
The sweet flower-secret : seeds and sorrowing  
Of wintriness to give the world a grave  
Under the springtime. Dear, with me arise,  
Take up the world-work that the world may learn  
Of motherhood divine, as by thee shown  
Evangel : me, thy priest beside thy feet !



## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS



## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### BECAUSE OF A LADY IN ROME

“ *Quo vadis?* Soul ! who in earth’s utmost parts  
“ Hast visaged martyrdom so many ways,  
“ Where goest ? Why towārd earth’s Heart of Hearts  
“ Hastest with question in thy desperate gaze ?  
“ What answer wouldest thou seek ? Wast not sore tried  
“ An hundred times and soil’d with shame enow ?  
“ Art dreaming of thy crown : that at earth’s Pride  
“ Thou knockest, with that desolate, ‘ Open Thou ! ’ ?

“ Yea, ’tis the Roman road ! I take of thee  
“ Thy tragic meaning ere the truth be said :  
“ Life-hunger of the heart that would but be  
“ Agonized, ay, liefer than dwell for dead  
“ Unloving as unloved ! ” — The spirit sigh’d :  
“ I come, but once more to be crucified.”

## LOVE POEMS

### SONG OF THE TABERNACLE

BELOVÈD, above the wonder of thy brow  
Behold the cherubim, on either hand,  
Wrapp'd in the cloudy promise of command,  
The presence of Jehovah and the vow :  
'Ye are my chosen people' ! And below  
The lambent wings an ever-burning brand  
(Between them, where the mercy-seat would stand)  
Lucent intensely — heatless yet as snow !

Fair keeper of the covenant, dear ark  
Of my commandments ! in thine honor'd face  
Are silent splendor and a prophecy  
Vouchsafed, unspoken. — Shall mine heart (who see !)  
Blaspheme importunate thy patient place :  
Faithless as one who waiteth in the dark ?

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### SOUL-CYCLE

SEA-HOURS there are, belovèd, when from the heart  
(Ah ! glad relief to love's insistencies !)  
Updrawn and of its substance griefs arise,  
Soothing our wide unrest with cooling art :  
Self-protestations of our deeper part  
Whose peace is ever troubled from the skies ;  
And whelm and swoon upon us and demise  
Fresh strength for sufferance to ease our smart.

Thus o'er the weltering of ocean's power  
Yon crownèd clouds, the wing'd spring-harbinger,  
Horizon-sprung rear sunward overarch'd ;  
Empurpling, shadowy, the glistening hour ;  
And rain purgation by bequest perverse :  
Waters, to waters that themselves are parch'd.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE ON A JOURNEY

UNTO an isle of the Hesperides  
Thou guidest me ; and there a garden showest  
Rich with enchantment of all wonder-trees  
Of flower and fruit, where loftiest and lowest  
Alike exhale an honey-scented breeze  
Bird-redolent with music. Thou bestowest  
Also this sun's serene benignities  
Upon the ancient darkness that thou knowest. —

The ancient barrenness ! — I greet thy garden  
With sense of rescue from the salt-sea wave ;  
With salutation ; but with prayer for pardon  
That I received more greatly than I gave.  
Yet, being compassion'd, might a mere man harden  
His heart to rob thee of thy right to save ?

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### TO JANE AT HOME

LOVE ! whilst the hours away thou softly sleepest  
Lull'd by the wildering of the rain without,  
And the dear secret of thy dreams still keepest  
And what thy breath doth busy thee about :  
Behold, I anguish, deeper yet and deepest  
Searching the centre with the soul of doubt —  
Till into my perplexity thou leapest  
With sudden love, and turn'st the tempter out !

Mute preacher ! thou, beyond the waking power  
Of proof or dogma, proselytest faith !  
High dreamer, who to dream away an hour  
Savest a soul ! — The very storm-wind saith  
Peace. And the petulance of the passing shower  
Speaks the serenity within thy breath.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE IN ABSENCE

#### I

LIFELESS the day without or sound or sight  
Of thee, belovèd ! Every sunniest thing,  
These myriad-musick'd voices of the spring,  
But darkness and a silence ! Earth's delight  
Is vacant of mine heart's prerequisite  
And cannot thrill me though creation ring —  
Day and the vault of air fore-echoing  
Chiefly thy lonely chamber and the night.

Empty the day, and night yet emptiest !  
But with the long'd-for coming of the morn  
Neareth the moment of an earth reborn  
To rapture of thy presence ! — Wouldest thou rest  
All-time at home, ne'er were our life forlorn.  
But death — then resurrection : these are best.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### TO JANE IN ABSENCE

#### II

AND truly I see and hear thee overall  
And everywhile, an immanence benign  
Of faith, an immortality divine  
Believed-in, and an hope millennial  
To bear me up in wisdom lest I fall  
Along this ill-illumined hour of mine :  
Which, wanting thee, in each least guiding line  
Lacks for thy law responsive at the call.

So, dear, I see thee where thy feet have trod  
The turf to sudden flowers ; where thy voice  
Led on the woodland choirs to rejoice  
Hear I thy presence as a causal god.  
So, though to bide afar be now thy choice,  
Need love be blinder than thy meanest clod ?

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE IN SICKNESS

LOVE, all the night-long hath thy fever'd brain  
Prevented sleep ; whilst I in impotence  
Of sympathy (distraught for Why or Whence),  
Helpless to heal have watch'd with thee in vain.  
And thou, throughout thy suffering, hast lain  
Grateful at each crude aid's impertinence ;  
Wishful, if but for care's love-inference,  
Almost that misery might never wane.

Though now the soul-hour passes ; for the day  
Comes unto thee with promise of relief  
In sweet sleep-prophecy. And I my way  
Take up with somewhat of a sense of grief  
Because the night is gone — but bearing hence  
The secret of the Mystery of Pain.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### ON MY CHILD

ONE hour of birth and death ; and then no more.  
All the world's wonders multitudinous,  
Its mysteries and meanings marvellous  
Summ'd in a breath, a cry : and all is o'er,  
A sleep and a forgetting as before :  
A wonder and a void mysterious  
Of loss and grief unto the hopes of us,  
The love that form'd him and the pains that bore.

Yet hath there been unto the sum of life  
A meaning added and a truth begun  
In virtue of bereavement : to a wife  
The marvel of a motherhood ; to me  
An unforgetting — who still hear and see  
Ever the breath and heart-beat of a son.

## LOVE POEMS

### TO JANE: IN CONFESSION

LO ! I have sinn'd against thee. For my speech  
Offendeth thee and bringeth to thine eyes  
Scorn with distress : that our complacencies  
Are troubled, and within the heart of each  
Is bitterness. E'en though I may beseech  
Forgiveness, for just cause thy charities  
Are frozen at the fount. So in no wise  
Thy tenderness can my contrition reach.

But then the melting — in thy tears of ruth  
My spirit rapt away and soft embalm'd,  
Wash'd all but stainless of the taint of shame,  
Despite transgression. And with me the blame  
Ta'en to thyself ! — That, now our hearts are calm'd,  
Write I this song : to register the truth.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### TO JANE: IN TEMPTATION

BELOVÈD, almost I hope I may die first  
Before thee. The bare dread of life-alone  
Impairs in me some sweetness of our own  
Life-comradeship, anticipates the worst,  
And well-nigh alters to a fear accurst  
Our reälized elysium. — Thou hast shown  
What life is. Liefer far death's fate-unknown  
Than death-in-life more certain-felt than erst.

Belovèd, almost I hope I first may die  
And leave to thee the deathliness I dread —  
I heartlessly invoking on thy head  
The doom thy deathless love devotedly  
Hath from my heart averted ! — Shall the dead  
Deserve thy hate : that, living, love as I ?

## LOVE POEMS

### CONSUMMATION

NOT alway thus unto a man is given  
The complementation of a womanhood—  
Save as she still excels, in every mood  
His mate. Not alway hath the spirit striven  
With sinwardness' self-hatred, inly riven  
Beyond all finite peace — yet straightway stood  
Within the very paradise of good,  
Grasp'd in an infinite grace, confess'd and shriven.

Not alway thus : but only unto him  
Who in the lonely longing steadfastly  
Hath not despair'd of love ; who, stern with fate,  
Held through the darkness with insistence grim  
The vision as of saviorhood by thee.  
He only yieldeth womanhood a mate.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

### SUNION

#### I

ABOVE the breadth of old Poseidon's blue  
Uprears a promontory, gaunt and gray,  
With brow grim-beetling. Ever far away  
Loom the dim lands of men ; that very few  
May chance to visit it. But thereunto  
Repair the airs of heaven ; the sun by day  
And stars at eve ; or oftentime may stay  
A delicate mist (whenas the moon is new)  
Momently on its summit. And the hand  
Of hope hath heap'd unto the sea-god's might  
An altar there in marvel ; and thereo'er  
Are wind-worn columns crumbling icy-white  
And wonderful, whose tops the sea-birds bore.  
And priests have pray'd there in an awesome band.

## LOVE POEMS

### SUNION

#### II

PRAY'D—scarce in vain. For to that loneliest spot  
Of elemental grandeur, at the prayer,  
Hath come divine response and rested there  
With promise of fulfilment unforget.  
Not as the evanescent mists, and not  
As sea-birds hovering in the homeless air,  
But as the circumambience everywhere  
Of ocean hath come godship to my lot.  
Within my heart divinity who find  
No more unto Poseidon need I vow !  
Who feel the sea-god in the souls of both,  
To us eternally auspicious now ! —  
Belovèd, for thine the altar of our troth  
High in the ice-white temple of the mind !



OCT 19 1912

The Riverside Press  
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS  
U · S · A











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 407 612 3